ground. Now Ruskin's formula makes this a degree plainer, and I should think plain enough. The thing which we copy (say a pinnacle) is, in the old work, a [illegible] an organ, a piece of ornamented utility; [illegible] form or design, for material usefulness [illegible] of course a human invention,—or it may be the millionth version, imitation, or, if you will, "copy," of a human invention,—but *it is not set up as ornament*. What it may have of ornament, is abstracted imitation of nature. But the same form copied, as we copy it, is no longer an ornamented member, but simply an [illegible] there an imitation of human work as ornament [illegible] all therefore base, if you accept the above rule."

Against the "restoration" at Westminster, Ely, Chester, he speaks violently, and says,—

"Nothing would induce me to make, on any cathedral, any addition or restoration, great or small, from a door to a nave (for which there was not *complete* authority), *in any style but my own*,—that which, on due study, I should deem to arise out of the materials, knowledge, and social condition of the present day, at that place, and keeping in view the harmony (not mimic identity) to be kept with the skeleton form and degree of decoration (not style) of the old work. And I believe any mason of moderate intelligence, pursuing this plan honestly, would do more satisfactory things for this purpose than the first architects of the day following the present system."

Of the writer's views on ventilation, we may take another opportunity to speak. Suffice it at present to say, that the book is full of thought, and eminently suggestive; it is extreme in some of its views, and open to objections, but nevertheless calculated to advance the progress to rational architecture, right structure, and right decoration.

THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.

Can it be true that so preposterous an idea should have been started as to convert Kensington Palace to the purposes of the new National Gallery? Can it be supposed that we should set at nought past experience, and play over again the extravagant and wasteful farce enacted in Trafalgar-square? There the old royal stables were patched up, and the costly parsimony practised of bringing in the portico of Carlton House to produce a building, the most insignificant, unsightly, diminutive, and unfit for the purpose, that could be well conceived; and that on the plea of economy! Away with such puerile ideas! What has hitherto been the result? The present National Gallery cost some 90,000*l.* and every one exclaims against it, as in every respect unworthy. It is a total failure. No such parsimonious feeling directed the works at Windsor. There a million, and perhaps more, have been spent. But there is something for the money. There is a certain air of dignity, a certain grandeur of intention; in fine, *some* success. Who asks the costs? Who, now, that looks at Whitehall Chapel, or Greenwich Hospital, or King's College Chapel, Cambridge, or any one of our Gothic cathedrals, for a moment considers the enormous sums bestowed on these noble erections? The reason is obvious. Do anything well, and then no one will accuse you of extravagantly laying out your money, whatever the sum. Paris is a noble city, but millions upon millions have been expended to render it so. The Madeleine, the *Arc de l'Etoile*, the Luxembourg, the Louvre, the *Hôtel de Ville*, the *Palais du Ministère, Quai d'Orsay*, Versailles, Fontainebleau, have absorbed countless sums. Did past—does the present generation feel it?

H. R. H. Prince Albert has taught us a great lesson: let us profit by the wisdom which guided his proceedings in the Great Exhibition of 1851. It was a gigantic and well-digested plan: it embraced every contingency: all nations were to take part: no branch of natural or manufactured productions was to be omitted: the vast space of twenty-two acres were to be covered in, and a pile raised to cost 150,000*l.* and this *for* a mere temporary purpose.

Let us endeavour, however feebly, to impart a like completeness to our new National Gallery, conceived on no puny scale, and including many classes, connected with art, which with us find no home at present.

In the first place, the leading ostensible object is a National Gallery for the exhibition of pictures. Let this *be* the leading purpose if you will; but it should be *one* of *several* important features. There must be galleries for historical and religious pictures, and for landscapes on a large scale, with light from above properly admitted and distributed, and in spaces capacious enough to allow them to be seen and appreciated, at a distance as well as near. There must be smaller galleries and rooms for cabinet pictures and productions of less size down to minatures, where the visitor may study them undisturbed by other disproportionate subjects; the attention not be distracted by incongruities of juxta-position, and the light entering from the side rather than from above. There are some paintings seen best alone on a screen, other objects of art in glass cases. The cartoons of the masters, their sketches and models, demand every variety of accommodation, and one production will occupy well the space or walling unfitted for another.

So much for the collection of pictures, which, I presume, is to give room for the exhibition also of medals, drawings, prints, and such like works.

But we are a practical people. The amateur will admire and gratify his refined mind by the contemplation of these masterpieces: they infuse a taste also into the multitude. But shall this be confined to pictures alone? Shall it not pervade our manufactures, and let us at length breathe an atmosphere of art in our dwellings and throughout our every-day wants, where our furniture and utensils, the fabrics we constantly employ and wear, shall not satisfy us, unless, as Redgrave and Owen Jones justly remark, they please us in form and colour and in the making up.* I claim, then, a suite of rooms for a collection of a series of the best examples of art applied to manufactures; and where so appropriate as in this building, this palace of art? Our earthenware, our china and porcelains, our plate and plated articles, our carpets and hangings, in fact, every species of handicraft connected with fine art, compared with samples of the highest class from other countries and of other times. How suggestive, how instructive, how appropriate would such a collection *here* be. I start no new idea, except as to the *locus in quo*. It has already been partially acted upon by the Prince and the Royal Commissioners of the Great Exhibition.

Again, where could there be a spot so appropriate for a museum of our national antiquities? And this, to be complete, would occupy a considerable range of halls and rooms, and many might very properly be distributed in the courts. Nor would I neglect the hint afforded by Louis Phillippe's deeply interesting collection of historical memorials at Versailles. I would hunt the country through, rich in such precious relics, and not a mansion, a church, or public building should be unsearched for authentic portraits, statues, and busts of our sovereigns and distinguished personages, which should be reproduced and placed here in regular chronological order, so as to afford a complete summary and illustration of British history. And the very school-children should be brought hither, to gain their most impressive lesson of their country's doings and their country's ennobling characters in past times.

But there is still a national want unsatisfied,—an object, the absence of which is each day more felt, and each day the remedy more called for. If a great man dies, and the voice of the people demand a monument to perpetuate his virtues,—to bring them more palpably and constantly before the attention, and to stimulate the emulation of future generations,—the question arises, "*Where is it to be placed?*" Westminster Abbey is full. St. Paul's, and, in fact, every place of worship, is unfit to receive memorials of all men of all beliefs, and whose great claim on a nation's gratitude may be irrespective of the religious creed of the individual. A provincial town may be too local for his wide-spread glory; and our atmosphere is inimical to the exposure of works of art to our rugged, variable seasons. We want a Walhalla, such as Bavaria has for her great and good men. We want our Pantheon of Antiquity, not to deify and worship our noble spirits who have lived among us, but to pay this tribute to their worth, to recall their features to our children's children, and bid them deserve a like reward for services rendered to their country, perchance to all humanity.

Let this, then, be the central object of our national museum,—a hall of glory to receive groups, statues, busts, and pictures of our great ones. Here no religious scruple need deny a spot to the statue of Byron, or a tablet to the historian Hume.

The last and not the least important question in the eyes of most people, upon which I shall briefly touch, is the cost. Now, without for a moment justifying a lavish expenditure, but merely to produce what is fit and becoming, it may be assumed that no work of art, executed with the highest skill, and with the best materials, and conceived by first-rate intellect, will cost a *little* money; and there is none which makes a better return for the outlay.

Such a project, grandly planned, and adequately carried out, must be nobly paid for. The House of Commons will, first and last, and very properly, spend perhaps a couple of millions upon the building for the legislative business of the nation. Will this National Gallery be a less useful, or a less important object, when we consider it as instructing the people, improving the art manufactures of our kingdom, and thereby increasing our commerce; paying a debt of gratitude to departed worth, teaching the nation its past history, and preserving the memory of its peaceful glories? A three-decker will cost from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to last only a few years. Shall we then meanly seek to impoverish by our niggardness a noble monument of art, which must be progressively built, which will occupy our best artizans and artists, develop the capacities and resources of our men of genius, display the fine materials of our country, bring into operation our rarest inventions, and enshrine the mementos of England's noblest hearts and most gifted minds? And shall we forget that our New National Gallery is to be the receptacle of the generous contributions of individuals, who have already announced their intention to present, if a fitting building be erected, their collections of works of art, the lowest estimate of which may, without exaggeration, be taken separately at tens of thousands of pounds? Are these to be housed in a patched-up barn?

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* Did not the French department of the Great Exhibition most fully and satisfactorily prove this by the delight imparted to every visitor in the varied application of tasteful design to every object, however humble.

A recent number of The Builder records the rumour, "that a *certain comic artist* is actually making designs *at the request of the authorities*, for the proposed National Gallery." If this be true, *Punch* must be at the bottom of it, and we shall have a "Comical National Gallery." *Risum teneatis amici.*

Excursion Trains.—We regret to notice that the excursion-train system, which we may be said to have originated, and which is still yielding a profitable harvest to the railway companies, is in many cases conducted in so disorderly and shameful a manner, that it is but too likely to come altogether to a speedy terminus. Ideas of scrambling want of accommodation, neglect of time, destruction of clothing in open horse-boxes near the engines, and other disagreeables, are fast obliterating all pleasanter associations as to *railway* excursions in the minds of the working classes; and the companies, in their desire to turn the system into all profit and no outlay, are likely to disgust all and sundry with it, and very soon to bring the profits themselves arising from it to a contemptible *minimum*.

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